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The Bashful Bow

JOHN B. TERNS



THE BASHFUL BOW

JOHN B. TERNS

A collection of verses appearing
In and Out of "Afterthoughts,"
C. C. B's Kolum in
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THE BASHFUL BOW

BY
JOHN B. TERNS



NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN

161 B3



I. N. COGNITO

*He never signs his signature,
Nor reveals identity,
But sends his dope unsigned,
unasked,
And remains a mystery.
Yet sometimes we are bound to grin,
And remark, "He knows the game."
When folks don't know who writes
the stuff,
Who the dickens can they blame?*

J. B. T.

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TO MY MOTHER

THE BASHFUL BOW

TO THE BOOK.

Mayhap a story of love with a plot
As old as its one of the best,
Or, if quite foreign to love, like as not,
A colorful play of the west.

It may have to do with evils of war,
A tale with regard to the time,
A treatise on science, possibly, or
A volume pertaining to crime.

Who knows? A book of cheap poems
like this,
To occupy space on a shelf,
Which, were it mislaid, none other would
miss
Perhaps, than the writer himself.

Any or all of these you may aspire,
To write, and then say of the book,
“With great inspiration I was afire,
Time, learning and research it took.”

A worthy ambition, still we contend,
Like others, who for this line fall,
You'll find if on books you are to depend,
A bank book's the best of them all.

IT'S HARD ON TIRES, TOO.

That doggone auto in the barn
Had sported licenses galore,
I vowed I'd never buy the darn
Old "Safety Second" any more.

I broke that vow the other day,
Just sent to Lansing for a tag,
Gee Whiz! I'm bizness anyway,
That's why I overhauled the nag.

I filled her up with gasoline,
"You know me, Al," I made a fuss,
A sign hung where it could be seen,
Then introduced my "Jitney Bus."

I operate on single lines,
All Aboard! Conductor treats,
I have no straps nor Spearmint signs,
But, believe me, I've got seats.

Yep, I grab the nickles with that car,
I don't give a rap how loud they cuss,
"The Breath of Life" of the D. U. R.
Inflates the tires of my "Jitney Bus."

CIVILIZATION.

In Fifteen Hundred Sixty-two,
We never could begin to do
 The things of modern days.
In Eighteen Hundred Sixty-eight
Each man, a wheelhouse candidate,
 How foolish were their ways.

They went to War with fife and drum,
I guess sometimes they took a gun,
 Some luncheon and some lead.
If they killed fifty warriors true:—
“What’s the enemy gonna do
 With all those wildcats dead?”

But now, Ha, Ha! a different tale,
The bullets fall like healthy hail,
 When someone starts a row,
We mobilize just over night
Enough to kill in each day’s fight,
 Ods Fish! that’s easy now.

The Captain says, “My men,” says he,
“Upon our starboard I can see
 Ten miles away, a scow.
You can’t see it, but here’s the fun,
Put sixteen dance-halls in your gun,
 Exit her anyhow.”

Civilization

The Navy says the Cap's a bear,
The sailors know his eyesight's fair,
 Dear cannon gives a roar.
The smoke has cleared, the Cap'n looks,
They hear him say, "Well, by fish hooks,
 That scow ain't any more."

An aeroplane ten miles above,
To show it's sweet paternal love,
 Allows its guns to frown,
Precipitates ten tons of lead,
Which lights upon the Captain's head
 That ship is going down.

En route it meets a submarine,
And camps upon the latter's bean,
 Exit supply of air.
When it slides off, the good ship groans,
"You know that place called Davy Jones?
 So long, I'll meet you there!"

We surely have progressed a lot,
Our warfare's short, but Gee! it's hot!
 We aim ten miles away,
Put daylight through an army mule,
Or knock flies off a soldier's gruel,
 That's progress, whaddyu say?

CLASS.

I have no wish to puff my chest,
And say, "Doggone, I'm there,"
My English ranks not with the best,
I can't say I'm a bear.
No doubt a school boy could pick out
Some errors in my speech,
But there's one thing I'm proud about,
One thing within my reach.
King's English I have massacred,
I should be put in jail.
The dope a fellow has to read
Is where I get my bail.
There's something makes you crane your
head
To gaze at me, and that is
I'm proud I never wrote nor said,
"Oh, that is yours free gratis."

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT.

"Unkissed youth breaks bones in flight from girl."—News Item.

We talk of times so swift that we
See yesterday today,
Yet to believe the things we see
Youth acted in that way.

A maiden fair, Ods Fish! a peach,
While at a dance, we're told,
Heard sixteen-year-old Johnny preach
Of records he will hold.

Nay, never in those sixteen years,
You wonder what's amiss,
What is it that young Johnny fears,
In just one little kiss.

A maiden listened to his boast,
His scorn of woman's lips,
And when she slipped up like a ghost,
Why, Johnny also slips.

The youth preferred some broken bones
To paying such a debt.
The maiden says in pouting tones,
"But I'll get Johnny yet."

SECRECY.

This column's long an' lanky,
And to fill it's doggone tank
Takes more of nouns and pronouns
Than there's nickles in the bank.
That's why this little sonnet
Has been double-spaced just so ;
But keep this 'neath your bonnet,
Cause we shouldn't let you know.

SYMPATHY.

Do you know, I think I'm crazy
For sending pomes into you,
Kinda think it makes you lazy,
Nothing for yourself to do.

When I get you in the habit
Of receiving daily rhymes,
You don't care a pink-eyed rabbit
For the stamps it costs at times.

Sympathy, that's why I fire it,
That's the reason you receive,
Not because my health requires it,
As perhaps you may believe.

No, doggone it, I am healthy,
That's not why you hear from me,
Neither does this make me wealthy,
Nope, it's only Sympathy.

TO RUTH.

"Ruth jilts silent lover because he lacks social accomplishments."—News Item.

I loved you and you didn't know
I thought you were the best.
You couldn't know, 'twas hidden so
Deep underneath my vest.

Long distance courtship is no good
I realize that now.
When 'twas no good perhaps I should
Have learned the real way how.

I couldn't dance nor entertain,
And even when I tried
To entertain, it was in vain,
That's why my hope has died.

Still, I'm longing to be near thee,
To have a Ruth at home,
Would you hear me, maybe cheer me,
If I'd learn t' write a pome.

IN THE MAKING.

When people ask how long it takes
To spoil a pulsing rim,
The Good Bard cries, "It's cakes and pies!"
Or seemeth so to him.

"Just as ye would, ye Common Herd,
Your thoughts in prose indite,
With equal ease, I plant a wheeze
In poems that I write.

"You do not think I labor long,
And cuss the Fickle Muse,
Nor heave a sigh, think you that I
Such stupid methods use?

"That oftentimes my matchless lyre,
One twanged by Allan Bane,
Cuts loose, and grinds out sluggish lines
That wax a Bard profane?"

You cannot for one moment think
Such thoughts as these, forsooth,
'Cause if you did no doubt you'd skid
Too doggone near the Truth!

HAVE YOU?

I'm feeling sad, for on my mind
 There rests a heavy care,
At every public place I find
 This fear besets me there.

When I get up to make a speech,
 I notice with a frown
My trousers half way up the beach,
 The blamed things won't go down.

I have to shake my legs and kick
 My hosiery's on view,
Gee, I confess this makes me sick,
 Have you this trouble, too?

VICTORY.

What would be the use of winning laurels,
If not in spite of Opposition's sway,
Why establish great and cleaner morals,
If tempters did not strive to win the day?

Victory is only sweet when fought for,
And not when someone throws away the
game,
They, who will not pay the price it's bought
for,
Will never reach the higher flights of fame.

Great success is never won by laughter,
And none of us can claim ourselves adept,
'Till we can accomplish what we're after
With rivals fighting back at every step.

Life was made to take, and not for giving,
We must accept our chances with the bunch,
Some of us don't really know we're living,
Yes, some of us there are who lack the
punch.

Victory

Get the punch, and when you get it, use it,
Remember, use it, set a pace that's keen,
But be positive you don't abuse it,
Be sure the victories you win are clean.

Recognize the fact that joys of winning
Are only empty, as some folks contend,
When we don't fight clean from the beginning,
Employing unfair means to gain our end.

“ON THE HAMILTON.”

50-50 With “On the 5.15.”

On the Hamilton, On the Hamilton,
From half-past four we have a jam 'till one,
You couldn't get a seat if you owned some
 shares,
Conductor keeps ringin' up the Company's
 fares.
Look at your dad, for I'm a sample son,
Of the Straphangers on the Hamilton.

On the Hamilton, On the Hamilton,
See the blamed thing coming, now stand still,
 Hon,
Of course, they'll slacken up when they see us
 here,
Went right by! but there's another far off,
 dear,
They're not very fast, but they can kill some,
Nature takes its course on the Hamilton.

On the Hamilton, On the Hamilton,
This, boys, I call a pretty dam-still-one
Safety First exponents never go pell mell,
They call it Hamilton, but I call it (deleted)
Please go and get your dad a candle, son,
Papa's gonna hunt for a Hamilton.

CONSOLATION.

If I sit me at my table,
Pome inspired and feeling able
To knock off a pulsing lay.
Why is it that verses thought out,
Strong of text and really sought out,
Perish, withering away;

Whilst the odes knocked off at random,
Carelessly, and with abandon,
Straightway make a three base hit?—
Worthless, those, you think your block off,
Whilst the doggone ones you knock off
People call distinctly it.

Quit Morpheus, Bard, awaken,
What's that line of talk you're makin'?
We get that from every Pote.
Thought out verse, and odes at random
Which you write, no one can stand 'em,
You annex the Public's goat.

THE POME AND THE STAMP.

(One half belongs to—Longfellow)

I shot a pome into the News,
It struck a desk, I know not whose;
For C. C. B. to me, Oh Bud!
Is just as clear, forsooth, as mud.

Attached, a stamp, likewise the News
Received it. Hands? I knew not whose;
For who may guess this C. C. B.
Which clear as mud appears to me?

Not long afterward, in the "Thoughts"
I found the pome with alsowroughts;
And the stamp, like the others the Boss
Charged once again to Profit & Loss.

LINES ON THE OPENING GAME.

Picture skies of heavy gray,
Now and then a rain drop falls,
Dark clouds in the milky way,
(And another rain drop falls.)

Umpire takes a slant around,
Whilst the players watch the sky,
Then the crowd begins its cry.

Grim excitement is at par—
“Th’ Batteries for today—”
Makes no difference what they are,
You can’t hear them anyway.

Nine frames sitting in the stands,
Freezing fingers, stamping feet,
List’ning to the ragtime bands,
Watch the Home Team getting beat.

Game is over, get home late,
Buy an extra, see who tossed.
Got a cold, doggone the fate!
Braved all this, the Home Team lost.

BORES.

No. 1.—The Joker.

Adam and Eve, I'd just as leave
Peek down a loaded gun,
As have to hear year after year
The same moth-eaten pun.

There is one Pete upon our street
Who tells a joke that died,
And for a fact, dates further back
Than Solomon's first bride.

He chews it thru, and thinks that you
Should swell right up and burst,
If he don't stop, I guess this Top
Will occupy a hearse.

He buttonholes poor passing souls
And says, "Lend me your ears,
Now listen bloke, I've got a joke,
The best you've heard in years."

And then this Yank just turns his crank
And spills an ancient joke,
That Sitting Bull exchanged for wool
When John D's dad went broke.

BORES.

No. 2.—The Knocker.

From shore to shore, the biggest bore
In Wilson's vast domain,
The Human Ox who always knocks
In sunshine or in rain.

Should Old Man Morse purchase a horse,
The knocker's sure to rile,
For he believes the horse had heaves
When hoop skirts were in style.

If B & R is over par,
He says: "My noble friends,
Don't take a chance, it won't advance,"
And then the stock ascends.

A maiden fair, Ye Gods! a Bear,
Winks at me as I go,
The bore says: "Jack, I pray keep back,
She'll make you spend your dough."

I hesitate, yon maid don't wait,
Vamoose! she disappears,
Ods Fish! a rock, but he's a block
From me, I stand in tears.

BORES.

No. 3.—The Flirt.

Land of the Free, deliver me
From that Conceited Jay,
Who stands upon our village sands
From morn 'till break of day.

Each girl he sees this dub believes
Is anxious for his smile,
While some good Bo in Kokomo
Has her annexed a mile.

His Azurea is fresh each day,
He uses all that stuff.
He winks his eye and heaves a sigh
Like locomotives puff.

He tips his lid, a Pontypridd,
And One Steps up and down,
'This Prince of Ginks most surely thinks
He owns each maid in Town.

He doesn't, though, I'll tell him so,
And if he courts my frail,
I'll mobilize around his eyes,
Then spend a month in jail.

BORES.

No. 4.—The Talker.

I hope and pray that some bright day
This Dub will disappear.
He'll talk all night with supermight
If some one's 'round to hear.

He speaks a lot of aimless rot,
And never says a thing,
'Till someone cries 'midst sobs and sighs,
"We'd rather have you sing."

If he would spout, and then run out
Of Webster's merry dope,
'Twere not so bad, and we'd be glad
To only use a rope.

But this here Gink can always think
Up some word in his staff,
He chews a word we've never heard
Like some Chink Phonograph.

By common choice, "His Master's Voice"
Is much preferred in Town,
By Shakespeare's sox a music box
Will finally run down.

BORES.

No. 5.—The Boaster.

My heart was glad because I had
Achieved undying fame.
I had excelled, my friends all yelled
Aloud my noble name.

I looked around the baseball ground,
It all came like a dream,—
Upon that lot without a swat,
I beat the Slugville Team.

“That wasn’t great,” said one team-mate,
“They hit foul balls at will,
Now listen, Steve, if I had heaved
They’d never seen the pill.

“Why, I have twirled around the world,
My curve is like a hook.
This guy, Ty Cobb, I made him sob,
And I just threw a look.”

If I could go to Kokomo
In thirteen seconds flat,
This dub could run around the Sun
Ten seconds less than that.

BORES.

No. 6.—The Borrower.

Gosh, let me hide some place inside
So he won't know I'm here.
Suspenders he, has boned from me,
He wants my pants I fear

I never can escape that man,
He borrows left and right,
He has my goats, ten five case notes
Shot higher than a kite.

My wire door mat, my dog and cat,
He's transferred to his home,
And I can't get them on a bet,
Hence, this regretful pome.

My two-horse hack he won't bring back,
And if I make some squeals,
He says, "Now please, some axle grease,
I needs must gum the wheels."

He never lets his sundry debts
Cause him the slightest fuss,
While stung folks drink, and cuss the Gink,
Who owes the populace.

TRIPLE ENTENTES.

Of Triple Ententes we've inspected a few,
Oh, yes, and our mind is made up,
They've all demonstrated the things they can
do,
And now we're awarding the cup.

There's the time honored trio novels speak of,
A maiden for whom two men long,
These three are to blame for our stories of love,
This Triple Entente's fairly strong.

Then there's the triangle they once had in Chi,
Those Boys copped their games in advance,
And many a Fan has perused with a sigh,
"From Tinker to Evers to Chance."

Friend Europe's responsible for an Entente,
The English, the Russians, the French.
This Trio, however's considerably bent,
At present it's warming the Bench.

"The Last shall be First" is quite true in this
case,
And it starts when the Georgia Peach
Hits a single to center, steals second base,
And romps home with Crawford and Veach.

MEET MR. DIOGENES.

"PARTNER wanted. If I can get an honest partner to join me in my real estate business I will take a good man if honest. One who could take care of office."

—From a Liner Page.

A Big Jack-Lantern in my hand,
I Sherlock Holmes this doggone land
With nothing else in mind,
Than to find someone I can trust,
Who will not swipe my daily crust
When I pass up the grind.

If I should get it in my crown
To go out and inspect the Town,
I'd hate to come back and
Find out some thieving submarine
Has brushed me absitively clean,
And quit our Neutral Strand.

On advertising, I am bent
To find some good, straightforward Gent,
Who will not clean me out.
I will not pass the S. G. up,
I'll buy for him a loving cup
And heave a joyous shout.

FINALLY SETTLED.

No doubt by this time you have read
That Winter's absolutely dead,
And all its relatives, to boot,
Have packed their grips and followed suit.
The storms and flurries all have passed,
Gone is the ice which one harassed,
The slips and slides which courted cussing
Have one and all gone Jitney Bussing.

Winter's gone, and the days are fair,
Pass up the cold and icy stare.
You notice white clouds overhead,
So why prefer dark ones instead?
When everything is gay, then see
Of all that's sad your system's free.
Winter has, why the deuce don't you
Tell them politely to skidoo?

Oh, why do we seek Trouble's Forts,
We, cheap and inexpensive sports?
Why don't we toss it in the hatch,
And fire the whole blamed shooting match.

Finally Settled

What if your neighbor put it over,
And sold you Timothy for Clover?
Just pat him on the back, and say,
“Gee Whiz, Old Top, that was some hay!”

It's time to clean your house of all
It's piker bitterness and gall,
Just say, “Each grievance I have got
Is second-handed tommyrot.”
If some Jay sold you golden bricks,
Forget to register your kicks,
Dame Fortune smiles, and so does Spring,
I'm glad, to'ell with everything.

PARAPHRASING.

Her eyes may shine as Mazdas shine,
Her face and form may be divine,
Like Venus she may be,
E'en of these things folks talk about—
The girl whom every Jay takes out
Cannot go out with me.

Though every mother's son may say,
"She has some entertaining way,
And in addition, she
Is clever, witty, there's no doubt."
The maid whom every male takes out
Cannot go out with me.

The girl for whom a big mob waits,
And who keeps schedules of her dates,
With not an evening free,
Is too blamed popular, I shout,
The maiden every John takes out
Cannot go out with me.

Of course, the lady might not let
Me entertain her on a bet,
To that I will agree;
But that fact don't put me to rout,
The "She" whom every "He" takes out
Cannot go out with me.

TO A PURCHASING AGENT.

My Line was good, I thought you would
Give me a goodly order,
Instead of that, you threw me flat
And chased me from your Border.

My prices, I was told, were high,
I cut them, wise and sanely,
'They're bleeding now, wilt tell me how
Cut more, and still humanely?

You tell me if I want your Biz,
I must quote lower prices,
Doggone, I'm losing as it is
On these first class devices.

Dear House won't let me on a bet
Dispose of them much cheaper;
But, Oh P. A., buy them, I say,
I'm Death's superior reaper.

You are the King, I'll buy the drinks,
I'm simply Neuter Gender,
And this is why the S. M. thinks
That I'm a heavy spender!

TAKING A VACATION.

When things are moving slowly, and
I'm even with my work,
Not just because I'm lazy, or
Because I wish to shirk,
I read the pamphlets telling how
To spend vacation days,
And where to go to have a time
Which actually pays.
In glowing terms they tell me to
"Choose Silver Lake for mine"
Because that's "a place of quiet"
And "fishing's really fine."
Another says, "Just pack your grip
And say Good-bye to noise,
Come out where Nature weaves a web
Around her sylvan joys."

I wonder which one beckons me,
Which has the greatest charm,
Seaside, Backwoods, A Water Trip,
Or Silas Perkins' Farm?

Taking a Vacation

Each has it's own attraction, and
 Invites me temptingly
To patronize the joys of which
 Its pages have told me;
But then quite suddenly I think
 Of why I'm drawing pay,
And then toss those "mind vacations"
 Disgustedly away.
"Oh why do they tempt poor mortals
 With pamphlets such?" I rave,
"If I could see that Poster Man,
 I'd see him to his grave!"

TO A CERTAIN YOUNG LADY.

(Purely Personal)

Now, don't get angry if I fail
To write to you a note,
Oh, pretty, witty, charming frail,
Whom I met on the boat.

I didn't write your address down,
But stored it in my dome,
Which has forgotten, and so how'n
The deuce write to your home?

One thing I know, you live not in
The City of the Straits—
Forgot the Town, and for that sin
I've lost a dozen dates.

THAT MUSTACHE.

I know that the Jay who first sprung it
Has been dead for a number of years,
And lately the Bards who have sung it
Have been carried away on their biers.

But here with the risk, and I'm willing
To poem that mustache you bear,
And even to lend you a shilling
To remove that furrow of hair.

Oh, Brother of mine, pray relinquish
Your hold on that parcel of sward,
It makes you look no more distinguished
Than a One Man Top on a (about \$550)*

When youngsters, we promised each other
That never we'd don one, and now,
Why hast thou betrayed me, my brother,
Oh, why hast thou broken thy vow?

* At this writing.

MY WHOLESALE FRIEND.

How fortunate it is, how nice
To have a Pal like you,
To fill my wants at wholesale price,
And cut the cost in two.

My negligee, my silken hose
You furnish from your store,
If purchased elsewhere, goodness knows,
They'd frisk my purse for more.

And you don't hesitate to say,
"Look what I'm selling at,
The retail price you'd have to pay
Would be just double that."

How human like it is, that I
Sometimes would like to see
The price tags, and thus verify
The tales you tell to me.

GRACE.

(See Eugene Field).

At length I dwell upon her hair,
I'm sure no Frail possesses
A face like her's, so sweet, so rare,
Framed by such flowing tresses,
In pictures often times you've seen
"The Loveliest of Faces,"
That of the most entrancing queen
Perhaps compares with Grace's.

Admit, she has bewitching eyes,
Screened by long, drooping lashes,
Which even as the bright sun, rise,
And dazzle with their flashes.
They are of such a liquid brown,
A source of "untold cases,"
No other maiden in the Town
Can boast such eyes as Grace's.

Her voice so gentle is, and low,
It lulls the raptured hearer,
And he all pleasures would forego,
Forever to be near her.
Her way is modest, gentle, kind,
All envy it displaces,
E'en other beauteous damsels find
Their charms must follow Grace's.

Grace

Her form is of exquisite mould,
Approaching that of Venus,
To have, to love, and to enfold,
'Twere heavenly, between us!
That I'm for Grace it is you've learned?
Not so, I'd never miss her,
In fact, I'm not the least concerned,
My choice is Grace's sister!

FEELIN' BLUE.

I'se feelin' funny, kinda like
I'se never felt befo',
Doan't kno' jest 'zackly what I wants
I shouldn't want fo' mo'.
De birds am singin' in de trees,
An' sun way up dere, too,
Am smilin' an' it seem it sez,
"I'se shinin' jest fo' yo'."
I keeps on sayin' to myself,
"Yo' feels de same inside."
But somehow ev'ry time I knows
Dat I has up an' lied.

Dere's somet'ing in my heart dat woan't
Allow dat I feels glad,
Somet'ing dere dat keeps a-sayin'
"Yo' kno's yo' feelin' sad."
Wonder what it am dat allers
'Sists dis yere chile should tote
Some kind ob trobble 'round with him
T' lump up in his throat.
I lubs de whole wi'e worl' an' I
Should hab a lot of fren's,
But somehow dey am mad an' dey
Woan't let me make amen's.

METHOD.

What if a thing's been said before
By six or seven or a score,
And echoed by a million more?

No words have ever been unwound,
But what someone can turn around
And make them more inviting sound.

Bards win their greater share of fame
By saying something just the same,
But, "Tell it differently," their aim.

They take a subject old and true,
And then proceed to cut into
Its parts and make it look like new.

That Age is Youth, the wise Bard knows,
When clad in slightly different clothes,
Variety enchantment throws.

POPULATION 750,000.

Each paper, book and magazine
Has poemed country life,
They paint a quiet rural scene,
And call it "free from strife;"
"Co' Boss, Co' Boss! Gosh ding that hoss!
Gee whiz, but that sounds sweet,
I seek the hay where chickens lay
Some eggs which I dare eat.
How sad that I can't say good-bye
To Cabarets and such,
When goodness knows, the turnip rows
Attract me very much."

The sentimental dope they pen
Hands out gigantic pains,
The Farm's all right, but why should men
For this bunk rack their brains:
"I still know how to hit the cow
For cream with milk on top,
And without fail right in the pail,
I never spill a drop,
I've got a hunch, a Serveself Lunch
Is no meal for a Jay,
Look, here's my fare to God Knows Where,—
The engine knows the way!"

Population 750,000

Of course, we cannot well prevent
This here "Ahwantabe,"
Sung by the Back to Nature Gent,
But spear this drive from me:—
"If I could not absorb a lot
Of glamor every night,
I'd beg some Gun to just for fun
Turn out my Mazda Light.
I never fall when crickets call,
Grasshoppers aren't the time,
The Corn, the Rye, the Beans and I
Would never be in rhyme."

SURE, YUH MIGHT AS WELL

Come, my lyre (if I possess one)—
You, at least, belong to me,
Let us spoil a poem jointly,
Pulse an ode of misery.
Tell the people who will listen,
Those who show their judgment's bad,
Of the things I haven't, which I
Sometimes kinda wish I had.

Tell them of that automobile,
Also speak about that yacht,
Those are two things that are handy,
Two things that I haven't got.
Talk out loud about a villa,
Don't forget to mention that
Aeroplane I stored last winter
Near my handsome stucco flat.

I would break you all to pieces,
And myself wouldst rush the hearse
Should you overlook the money
Which runs riot in my purse.
Tell them of the beauteous damsel,
She who cares exclusively,
Tell them all the fibs you care to,
Leave out the integrity.

Sure, Yuh Might as Well

After you've mislaid the other
Things I haven't got to date,
Don't forget to name, not faintly,
What I have at any rate.
I have—yes lyre, I command it,
Proceed, hit the trail to Rome,
I have, with your aid, without it,
Spoilt this may-I-call-it-pome.

TO A PARTY LINE PARTY.

Last evening I sat in a big leather chair,
Dressed up like a star chorus man,
Expecting a call, and the telephone there,
Convenient and ready at hand.

The call was important, I can't give the name
Of with whom I longed so to speak,
Suffice it to say Considerable Dame
Whom I hadn't seen for a week.

The hour approached, and prepared to depart--
It served but to strengthen desire,
I took the receiver with tangoing heart
To find what was wrong with the wire.

The line was industrious, you were the cause,
And nothing important you said,
While mentally I ran all over the laws,
And broke many things on your head.

I pleaded with you in most pitiful tones
To give me a chance at the line,
And even suggested that Bell Telephones
Were meant for such uses as mine.

I lost out on my date and hiked off to bed—
Was all that I found left to do;
Dropped one good engagement, but then in its
stead,
I managed to make one with you.

TO MABEL.

(Population 25, on the P. M. R. R., in Whitewater Township.)

You're just a little girl, we bet,
We have no way of knowing,
Nor have we scrutinized you yet
To see how you are growing.

'They say you've one plus twenty-four,
To care for and to pet them,
The Pere Marquette runs past your door,
And that's the way you get them.

Sometime when we are down your way,—
It's not too forward, is it?—
We'll call if it's not washing day,
And have a little visit.

Wouldst be there to see what we want,
To charm us with your patience,
Or at some foolish tea dansant
Like frails of our acquaintance?

Oh, Mabel, we would stake a plow
That if we started mashin'
You'd blush, and show you still know how
To be a bit old-fashioned.

TALKING TO CLAUD ROSSMAN.

How well do we remember, Claud,
Way back in the good ol' days,
The Jungle Heaves you used to make
On the simplest kind of plays.

A little roller toward first base,
A man to second running,
You'd cast it out where Davy Jones
Stood in Left Garden sunning.

Oh, Claud, the wallops you tore off
Still occupy Fame's hallways,
But all those wild ones you threw off
Will linger with us always.

White Elephants, remember, Claud?
Sure, you recall those spike guys,
That Bunch ran wild all day on you,
And you, well, you threw likewise.

That pulsing whip has passed, which had
The whole blamed Township peeving,
But still we dream and shudder o'er
Your aeroplanic heaving.

MADE IN AFTERTHOUGHTS.

"Things That Never Happen."

To "Things That Never Happen"

It is only fair to add
The vision of a Poet
Who admits his lines are bad.

J. B. T.

For "Things That Never Happen"

List this one with the bunch:
"I follow all the form charts,
Yet never claim a hunch."

E. C. T.

To "Things That Never Happen"

Add this foolish crazy quirk:
"I'm taking no vacation
'Cause I much prefer to work."

A. C. E.

To "Things That Never Happen"

Attach this mournful strain:
"For one straight week, we haven't had
A cloud that looked like rain."

R. N. E.

DARIO RESTA.

Like a hypnotic spell, like an Imp loosed from
Hell,
Like a thunderstorm brewing at night,
Like the flash of an eye, whizzing cometlike by
As you challenge the swiftness of sight;
At the curves for more speed, your demoniac
greed
Careening on two wheels, the machine
Pawing madly the air, all unmindful of care,
Riding back of the cyclonic fiend;
Crouched low down in the seat, cursing madly
the heat
Of the engine thrown back in your face,
Driving straight down the course, your mech-
anical horse
Snorting wildly, devouring space;
With your hand on the wheel, supreme ruler
you feel,
And damned be the murmurings of Death,
Each grim terror delights, each wild fury ex-
cites
With the passionate rage of Macbeth.

Dario Resta

Grim destruction at par, skillfully righting the
car,

With never a slackening of pace,
Risking life with a will, yet averting the spill
Which would force your machine from the
race;

Stopping now for a shoe as another burnt thru
By the heat of a brick road of Hell,
Cries aloud for a pause, and release from the
Jaws

Of a speed, reckless, dashing pell-mell;
Shouting, lap after lap, "Defeat's worse than
mishap!"

The words dying in low, throat-parched sob,
Not so much for the purse, as King Pin—fin-
ish first,

For the cheers of a speed frenzied mob;
To flash first past the line, after long, tearful
grind,

Lurching forward, and gasping for breath,
Like a bolt from the sky, meant to win, not to
die

In a free-for-all battle with Death.

TO A BUM ACTOR.

"In consideration of the sale of this ticket, management reserves the right to refuse admission and refund purchase price."—Any Theater Ticket.

Often I've perused this passage,
 "Management reserves the right
To refuse—" so on, and so forth,
 And I realize tonight
How it is you put it over,
 (And my brains for weeks I've
 racked)
You need not present a ticket
 To get in and stage your act.*

*Well, how else explain it?

A PLEA FOR THE HALF.

There's a well-fed longing in my heart for
days we used to know,
When the game was played for baseball's sake,
and not just for the dough,
Back to the days when the fever had the play-
ers in its grip,
When they'd crab to beat the dickens if a
team-mate made a slip.
Oh, 'twas then a base ball maniac incurred no
great expense,
He'd rent his seat at first or third for an even
fifty cents!

You'll call to mind Kid Elberfeld, and his lack
of self restraint,
Then Willie Keeler's sage advice to "Hit 'em
where they ain't."
When your thoughts have turned to Addie
Joss, "Wild Bill," and Old Cy Young,
When the pent up praises for those vets are
struggling on your tongue,
When you've begged ol' Elmer Flick to gauge
the distance to the fence,
You'll ask the man for a seat near first, and
slip him fifty cents.

A wonderful sport, indeed, with which the
dough ne'er interferes,
And the game has undergone a change with
passing of the years.
The magnate's eye is on the gate, and the play-
er wants his share,

A Plea for the Half

The fan must get his check book out to accom-
modate the pair.

I land the wrath of the hectic fan who visibly
resents

The killing off of the seat by first which sold
for fifty cents!

GIVE IT CREDIT!

Oh, little lay, you have your say,
And also stop when you are thru,
Done in four lines, you draw the blinds,
There's one in a million like you.

WHAT THEY MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN.

“John Anderson”—Burns.

John Barleycorn, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your form stood oot before me,
Na matter where I went;
But noo in certain States, John,
Ye dinna have a show,
They’ve tied the tin can to your tail,
John Barleycorn, my jo.

John Barleycorn, my jo, John,
We clamb the Bar thegither,
An’ in the bonnie mornin’, John,
Cam hame wi’ ane anither;
You’re yanked an’ yerked in Europe, John,
An’ noo it’s gettin’ so
The droughty canna get a drap*
John Barleycorn, my jo.

*Except on Sunday.

WHAT THEY MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN

“When We Two Parted.”—Byron.

When we two parted,
Thou, gay to the rim,
I, broken-hearted,
Cried, “Curses on him!”
Fat grew thy purse and mine
Thinner grew then,
I could not well decline,
You borrowed ten.

The dew of the morning
That sunk on my brow,
Felt just like the warning
Of what is due now!
Oh, why hast thou broken
Thy vows, dost thou keep
That ten as a token
Of “shearing the sheep?”

They name thee before me,
And ever I fear
The memory will floor me,
Good Lord! thou wert dear.
I’ll never forget thee,
Nay, never—but then,
Much longer, I’ll bet thee,
I’ll think of the ten!

What They Might Have Written

No secret to this ;
Aloud do I wail,
Just how didst thou miss
A period in jail?
If I should meet thee,
Happy the day!
How should I treat thee?
I'd rather not say !

WHAT THEY MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN.

“Frustra”—Shakespeare.

Take, O take those lips away,
Eden's own alluring fruit,
Else perhaps a part they play
In a breach of promise suit;
Love, my kisses save instead,
save instead—
Till we two are safely* wed,
safely* wed!

*Well, we won't argue.

WHAT THEY MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN.

“The Day Is Done.”—Longfellow.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a Birdman is wafted downward
From an aeroplane in its flight.

I lamp the lights of the City,
The flickering films of the Town,
And a frivolous feeling flits o'er me,
Like to the pranks of a clown.

A feeling I'd call effervescent,
As brisk as a morning sprint,
That resembles sorrow only
As Chicago resembles Flint.

Let's go to some Theayter,
Some snappy and startling show,
Grab off a couple o' tickets
In the first or second row.

Not a classic performance,
Not an exclusive play,
Such Highbrow Guff would only
Drive animation away.

What They Might Have Written

For, like dear old Ezry Perkins,
With Opry I am pained,
I'm not sleepy, and **this** evening
I long to be entertained.

Let's court some humbler playwright
Whose lines at least are hot,
Who has his Chorus and Ragtime
Instead of a wearisome plot.

Who copped last season's wheezes,
And used them to prevent
The folks from thinking the Tenor
A subject of merriment.

Such shows have power to hearten
A jaded human wreck,
And rival the phrase that's sweetest,
"I am inclosing check."

Then take me to some Theayter,
Where, list'ning to the rags,
I'll forget the voice of the singer,
Made famous by the wags.

And the night shall be filled with
ragtime
Of a modern musical show,
The audience won't be sleeping,
And they'll hang out the "S. R. O."

WHAT THEY MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN.

“Break, Break, Break.”—Tennyson.

Break, break, break,
Ease up on thy frantic hug!
Or am I mistaken, and isn't
Each of these heavies a pug?

O well, for the pugilists there,
(You can see now my ire's rising up)—
O well for the Peaceful Twain
That I am not equipped with a Krupp!

And they still go dancing on
To the tune of some easy dough;
But O for a glimpse of the vanished
Pugs,
Who occasionally offered a blow!

Break, break, break,
And live up to thy fame, O Cork!
For the tender one's Battling Delaney,—
The other's name is O'Rourke!

EGOTIST!

I laud thy limpid-liquid eyes,
Whose undetermined depth defies
Of inner thought, detection.
Their brilliant freshness names the lake
As being but for likeness sake,
I lapse in rapt reflection:

Cast in a milky disk repines
An outer globe, whose brown declines
Description as to shading.
Within retires the gentle night,
Contrasting strangely with the white,
The Dark of Never Fading.

I revel in the clean-cut clear,
Oh, is it far, or is it near?—
The skies above were nearer!
....What's that....I really must demur,....
What has this, pray, to do with her?—
I'm looking in the mirror!

“I TRUST HER IMPLICITLY.”

I was sorry to learn you were feeling
Quite ill, and the interesting date
We had planned for the eve was *manana*,*
In other words, destined to wait.

But Lydia (I hope it won't peeve you)
I'm perplexed and I'm puzzled, although
Of course I most fully believe you,—
I saw the same show.

*He speaks Spanish fluently.

CONSEQUENTLY, THIS.

“You must sleep with your window wide open,
Fresh air is the tonic you need,”
Coming straight from the family physician,
This tip I decided to heed.

So tonight I'm awake, and it's open,
Admitted, the air's raisinell,
For it isn't all natural ozone
I'm gettin' some hot air as well.

It's apparent apartments below me
Have windows; and whether or not
Other doctors decided to raise 'em,
Some air that I'm gettin' is hot.

“You must sleep with your window wide
open”—
It's open; I'm sorting the sheep.
Oh, the chains of sweet slumber can't bind
me—
Hot air ain't conducive to sleep!

A MATTER OF OPINION.

You tell me that the rolling stone
No moss accumulates,
That Fortune smiles on him alone,
Who settles down and waits.
One fact remains to puzzle me
(And you'll admit it's funny)
None other than the roaming bee
Accumulates the honey .

PAR EXCELLENCE.

With ease can the Bunch pay attention,
When voices worth while are along;
But where on our Map is the Jay who can clap
When some Cheap Quartette spoils a song?

A DUTIFUL CHILD.

“Oh, Mother, may I go out to swim?

Pray hearken to your daughter,
I'll hang my hose on a perfect limb,
And won't go near the water!

“I know full many a pretty Peach
Hath lost her charms by wading
In water deep, but safe on the beach,
I'll do my promenading.

“Many are there who go out to sea,
Many the waves are seeking,
And right in the swim will daughter be,
Figuratively speaking!

“Mother o' Mine,” I honor your whim,
Your child respects your wishes,
The silken hose, and the perfect limb,
While bait, are not for fishes!”

“BAD OOF—NICE OOF”

I know a little lady, who
Is positive she's good.
I can't convince her that she e'er
Does aught but what she should.

She's very young, I call her “Oof,”
For that, she is to blame.
Of course, it's Ruth, but she says, “Oof,”
And so I say the same.

When I believe that she's done wrong,
“Bad Oof,” I say, and she,
So confident of being good,
Says, contradicting me,

“Nice Oof”—“Bad Oof”—“No, nice,” and so
It goes, but in a trice—
A hug and kiss, and I'm convinced
That she is awf'ly nice!

CALL IT UNDERHANDED.

Well wager even money,
From a nickel to a crown,
That whoever reads this dope-sheet
Turns the paper upside down!

Yuo esol I saw oot yzal ot nrut ti edisup
nwod os I daer ti eht yaw uoy era gnidaer
siht.

C. A. C. (Toronto).

WEILMAN.

Detroit has dropped eight games to Weilman this Season. With one or two exceptions, games taken from Detroit by St. Louis are credited to this Twirler.

—Sport Item.

Not that you find yourself besieged
By Beasts in a Forest grim,
Who, in the night, take great delight
In rending you limb from limb;
Not that we'd ask the War to wait
Until you had joined the ranks,
That you might stop a field-gun crop
With nary a Card of Thanks;
Not that we have the least desire
To ship you suddenly south
To Mexico, where you, we'd know,
Were safe in the Old Mar's mouth;
No, none of these, nor yet again
That you were to lose the wing
Which copped those games, but Pity
claims
A boon in the sunny spring.
Oh, Weilman, Jump! Jump to the
Tiges,
You needn't pitch to a man,
Jinx to our Bats, Jump, Jump! and that's
The plea of a Tiger Fan!

THE PLAINT OF THE CREDULOUS.

I journeyed east to Boston, where they've cop-
ped the A. L. flag,
My eyes shone with excitement, and my pock-
ets bulged with swag,
I stalled 'round with the dopesters, and I gave
ear to their line,
The High Brow ether, groaning, bore slang
praises of their nine!

I sauntered up to one, and said, "Come clean,
an' tell me, Bo,
Now slip it to me truthfully, whose gonna
stage the show?"
He looked me over carefully, came like a liv-
ing blaze,
"Good Lord, man! Who is bound to win when
only one team plays?"

"This Speaker, Hooper, Lewis and Jack Barry
prove the truth,
Considerable backing for McNally, Shore and
Ruth!
Our outfield is some balance, and our infield is
a jewel,
Our pitchers and our catchers are exceptions
to the rule!

The Complaint of the Credulous

“Just pawn your ring, your house and lot, and
borrow all the tin
You can, and then, at any odds, back Carrigan
to win,
I’ve heard that Philadelphia, rather than by
forfeit yield,
Has actually consented that its team shall take
the field!”

Then I took a train for Philly, expecting there
to find
A dejected group of mourners, meek, down-
cast and resigned;
But when I blew into the town, the bands were
full of pep,
The streamers were a-flyin’ and the rooters all
in step.

I asked, “Why do you celebrate, why do you
feel so gay?
Why all this great exuberance?—you’ve no
chance in the fray.
The fans in Boston told me so, they think it
is a shame
That Quakers should participate in such a
brutal game.”

The Complaint of the Credulous

They shattered this illusion, and without delay began
To rave of Alexander and the cunning of
Moran,
Luderus and Cravath, McQuillan, Bryne and
Demaree,
The prowess of these athletes was cited then
to me.

And when at last they'd finished, in an aimless sort of trance,
I timidly inquired if they thought Boston had
a chance.
"They'll have a chance," I was assured, "and
take our little tip,
To cheer the winning team and show their
brand of sportsmanship!"

And, broken then in spirit, with my pockets
full of swag,
I wouldn't place a wager on the old world series flag,
'Twere against my grain as sportsman, my
being "on the in,"
For I'd been told both teams would cop, how
could I help but win?

MEANING MEALS.

I'd hate to be a Salesman,
Boys, and with the Salesmen stand,
3 Per Diem, sitting down's
A conservative demand!

A "JACK'S" PLEA.

I've got a good idea of the reason for the piece,
A doggone good idea in "Yours truly's" mind
at least.

I tried to dance the Fox Trot in a prance shop
yestereve,

Someone coaxed me on to try it,—I said, "I'd
just as leave."

They started up the music, and gee whiz, it
sounded fine,

I said, "Hereafter, people, It's fox-trotting
'round for mine.

"By the way, fair partner, tell me, what's the
name of yon live snack?"

She exclaimed, "Why, the Composer calls the
piece 'Ballin' the Jack'."

I didn't think the name of it was quite appro-
priate,

Until my legs got tangled and I had to hesi-
tate.

I kicked and struggled gamely fifteen minutes
of that night,

A "Jack's" Plea

Then sighed, "Now listen, maiden, the Com-
poser had it right."

When you tie yourself in bow-knots, and
sometimes four-in-hands,

When you have to make your muscles resem-
ble rubber bands,

When your legs refuse to navigate, you feel
you can't get back,

You agree it "balls" completely, it's correct,—
"Ballin' The Jack."

SULPHURING SANDWICHES!

Miss Lizzie MacToodle had naught in her
noodle,

'Twas Niemand Zu Haus, I've a hunch,
She held a ham sandwich, a match, how out-
landish,

Exclaiming, "I've got a light lunch!"

INCOMPETENT.

"But Mr. Jones is now engaged,
He cannot see you, sir.
Just have a chair, or call again,
Whichever you prefer."
Then, "Indeed," replied the Salesman,
"Mine is a business call,
It's getting so men don't attend
To business tasks, at all!
What do I care if he's engaged?
This ain't no social whirl.
Good Lord! hold up important deals
'Cause Jones has got a girl!"

TELLIN' FIBS.

Just as soon as supper's over,
And I'm seated in my chair,
Up you climb, an unarmed rover,
Certain of a conquest there.
Then it is that I must listen
To accounts of exploits great,
All of which I know exist in
Fancy only; you relate:

Of adventures more than frightful,
Of your brave and stirring deeds
(And I find them so delightful)
On the backs of snorting steeds.
How you've saved your chosen lady
From a sure and awful death
At the hands of villains shady,
Close the call, I draw my breath.

On my face an ashen palor
Steals, and noticing, you pause,
Hastily dismissing valor
And escapes from Danger's jaws.
Artful are you, and thereafter
For an hour's space or more
You awake and summon laughter
In the place of strife and gore.

Tellin' Fibs

Weaker souls whom you've befriended,
Chivalrous and knightly acts,
Of the Truths and Rights defended—
All of which you tell as facts;
And of course the tales you're telling,
Most untruthful are, Your Nibs;
But I find myself rebelling
At denouncing them as Fibs.

ADAMSHAME.

Quoth Adam, "Apples I will cop
From yon wide-spreading tree."
He pulled the theft, and those he left
Disfigure you and me.

TO A CHILD.

So you want to "grow up," and you're not satisfied

With playing the part of a boy,
Your ambition is fired, and you feel you're denied

The role you are sure you'd enjoy?

Well, it's part of the game, and I'm not much surprised,

I'm proud of you, son, in a way;
But Tomorrow reveals in a far diff'rent guise
The boons we are craving Today.

There is not a "Grown Up" on the face of the earth

Who wouldn't be glad to exchange
His name, his position, in fact, all he is worth
For Youth—Yes, I know it seems strange;

But the time is to come when you'll look back
and say,

"The happiest hours of all
Were the ones I was anxious to see pass away
That I might no longer be small."

SELF RELIANCE.

The gentle art of "making up"
Cosmetics help a lot,
Of paint a smear, and frails appear
Attractive when they're not.
No artificial aids, howe'er
(The Fates are most unkind)
Poured from a flask, assume the task
Of making up her mind!

THEN LOOK AWAY.

Ah, look at me now, at the unkempt hair,
At the faded and bleary eyes,
Remember, 'twas I, whom women called fair,
Whilst heaving their coquettish sighs!
Beauty, none, neither of form nor of face,
Departed the charm and the ease,
Gone is all spirit, all life, and all grace,
And, really, there's nothing to please.

Last night—but it's past, and with it the
Youth
Is into Oblivion hurled!
Ah, forget the past! forget it, forsooth,
Last night was the end of the world!
Look at me now! Grab a hold of a chair,
Stand for a shock is my warning,
Look at the Dub called Society Bear
At 4 o'clock in the morning!

"AKIN TO THE FAIR SEX."

"Let's go for a walk in the garden, Maud,"

The spectacled student suggested,

"We've no chaperon, to go there alone,

Were not quite the thing," she protested.

"I promise you, Maud, we shall not require

The presence of one whom you know there."

"In that case," said she, "most tiresome,
'twould be,

I find I'm not anxious to go there!"

DIPLOMACY.

It isn't necessary to write notes to Germany
To pull that pulsing little trait they call Di-
plomacy.

You can use it to advantage in private walks
of life,

It serves to make the "reason why" transpar-
ent to the wife.

Suppose you come in late and she does not lose
sight of it,

And furthermore does not intend that you
make light of it,

Tell her that a traveling man invited you to see
The latest thing in ladies' hats, for that's
Diplomacy.

Another way to show the folks that you're a
Diplomat,

Is roll the whole four on the ground when
'Tyrus Cobb's at bat.

If you're a Politician, you can easily afford
To tell each town you visit that it backs 'em
off the board.

To turn the gun the other way from you is
also wise,

A few feet either way, but that's the way a
fellow dies.

When all is said and done, it is a good idea to
Sit down and throw an anchor out when you're
in a canoe.

Diplomacy

If some big Warship sails your way, and you
are passing small,
Don't yell, "If they are big, then that much
harder will they fall."
To have a man concede your point, the world
has tested it,
You merely have to make him think that he
suggested it.
You'll find it pays to stroke the fur the right
way every time,
It's human nature, and it's just another way to
climb.
Don't shoot off guns so much, just Send a
Note to Germany,
Lose out to win, you'll find it pays to use
Diplomacy.

FROM "DIPLOMACY."

To have a Man concede your point,
The World has tested it,
You merely have to make him think
That he suggested it.

“DOGGONE, I KNEW IT.”

Should a good vessel sink, and depart on the
blink,

And Destiny's Wings are a-flappin'
Just as sure as a die, someone's certain to cry,

“I knew it was going to happen.

I intended to go, little voices said ‘No,

Don't go, it's a doomed expedition!’

Oh, believe me, I'm cured, and you may rest
assured,

I'm thankful for that premonition.”

If a pulsing live wire sets a river on fire,

Someone with this terrible failing,

Will step forward and say, “I was told, ‘Stay
away,’

‘Thank Heaven, I didn't go sailing.’”

In every big panic, on every Titanic,

And never are there intermissions,

Oh, Shades of Morpheus, come hither and free
us

From Cheap Sports who have premonitions!

TO GIRLS ON APRIL FIRST.

You ask why I am anxious to
 Arrange a little date with you,
And why Tonight I fain would go
 Some place where you can spend my dough.

Tonight of all nights why should I
 Evaporate Mumm's Extra Dry?
What prompted me to idly wait
 Until Tonight for such a date?

Full many nights have gone before,
 In fact, Three Hundred Sixty-four,
Appointments? None. Why take the Town
 Tonight and turn it upside down?

Don't I know when of love thou tell'st
 You're thinking of somebody else?
A Fool's not half so bad if he
 Is acting foolish purposely.

Oh, I'm adjacent, never fear
 That maidens aren't what they appear.
I know full well the gentle sex
 Aren't gentle with those salary checks.

"A Fool There Was," I take a dive
 Once in Three Hundred Sixty-Five
I'll pay to watch you quench your thirst,
 What better night than April First?

MISS-TAKEN.

A little smile while passing,
A little glance of the eye,
To make the world seem brighter,
To banish the heartfelt sigh,
A word of kindness spoken,
With a doffing of the hat.
Surely it was praiseworthy,
Of course, you'll concede me that;
But here's the tooth that was sharpest,
Ah, here is the thrust that hurt,
I'm off this "making life brighter,"—
The maiden called me a Flirt!

THE POEMS OF EUGENE FIELD.

What is there to do at the hour of noon,
When the moments of leisure are few,
But to walk the streets, or perhaps to commune
With the bards whom we formerly knew?
'Twas the latter I chose, it follows that I
To the library shelves then appealed,
Of the volumes at hand, what luck to espy,
Complete Poems of Ol' Eugene Field!

"Come hither," I said, "And may naught in-
tervene
The while I am turning your pages,
The time that's elapsed since I've listened to
'Gene,
Though not very long, seemeth ages!"
An hour I sat with the book on my lap,
Whilst Maecenas once more was revealed,
Approving the humor, the pep, and the snap
Of the Poems of Ol' Eugene Field.

"Ah, there was a bard who could knock off a
lay,
And I would he were with us again,
None are there who peddle cheap poems today,
Can coax rhymes such as his from a pen!"
And such were my thoughts as I sat in that
chair,
Even now I'm unwilling to yield,
That alone was I, in my opinion there
Of the Poems of Ol' Eugene Field.

The Poems of Eugene Field

When time's hanging heavy, and life seems a
drag,
There's the volume which Brother 'Gene
wrote,
'Tis the tailor's iron when the tired spirits sag
This book of the Illustrious Pote.
Long silent the Lyre which so charmingly
played,
And not yet has the opening healed,
No more of that kind will we hear, I'm afraid,
Of the poems of Ol' Eugene Field!

"AIN'T GOT NO."

You can talk about the errors
Which play hob with Mother Tongue,
The way we kill poor "shall" and "will"
And some others there among.
We gayly split infinitives
And delight in saying "seen"
Our "either or" and "neither nor"
Cannot always be serene.
"You and me" is another phrase,
Which oft haunts the cultured mind;
"Where is he at?" "Sit," "Set," and "Sat,"
Aren't so very far behind;
But one there is which gets our goat,
As it passes to and fro,—
"Her," "Him," and "He" aren't one, two, three,
When it comes to "Ain't got no."

J. HENRY JONES.

J. Henry Jones stood looking at
A piece of property,
And he remarked, "I would that that
There plot belonged to me!
You couldn't buy it as it stands
For fifty thousand bucks,
My Grandad could have grabbed those
lands
Off for a song, but shucks!
The old man was afraid, and he
Could not good things observe,
To think I'd own this property
If he had had some nerve.

"I always shall hold this against
That Ancestor of mine;
But he was shy and cautious, hence,
I'm out that grubstake fine.
'Tis one big lesson though, you bet,
And in years coming, my
Grandchildren cannot say, 'He let
An A-1 chance go by.'
I'll purchase all that land out there,
That far off little piece,
Away out now in God Knows Where,
It's value will increase.

J. Henry Jones

“Then when I leave this world behind,
It won't be all I'll leave,
They'll know that I possessed some mind
When they those lands perceive.
They'll say, “The old man was O. K.,
The late J. Henry Jones,
He made us what we are today,
Look what the Fam'ly owns!”
J. Henry then grabbed off a chunk
Of land out where the geese
Wore rubber overshoes, a punk
And inexpensive piece.

Like all good men, J. Henry Jones
At last made room for more,
He stood outside* the Safety Zones
Like others heretofore.
How shall we end the pulsing pome
Which deals with J. H. J.?
Shalt knock his lot, or have him comb
A Golden Claim his way?
What think you of the enterprise?—
If Jones don't top the list
You drive a hearse, and otherwise
You are an optimist.

*Or “within”

"ACTORS ON A STAGE."

Dottie Spotlight was a "Pony"
In the two-a-day,
Her form and face, and naughty lace,
Brought the Johns her way.
Always when the show was over,
Willies by the score,
Heaved their sighs to, turned their
eyes to
Dottie at the "door."

It's no wonder after every
"Night" and Matinee,
They should ask Dot if she would not
Name the happy day.
Numbered there amongst her suitors
Men of wealth and rank,
She, no grafter, wasn't after
Money in the bank.

"Actors on a Stage"

"Tilted Lady" some aspire to,
Dottie Spotlight, tho,
Much preferred to be referred to
"Girlie in the Show."
Bored to death by smirking Willies,
Smoking cigarettes,
All of them were nothing to her,
That "with her regrets."

She passed up the rank and money,
Tossed her curly head
At the loafer, but a Chauffeur
Induced her to wed,
And she loves the role she's cast in
More than any other,
Blithe her soul is, for that role is
Noble wife and mother.

'TWINXT CUP AND LIP.

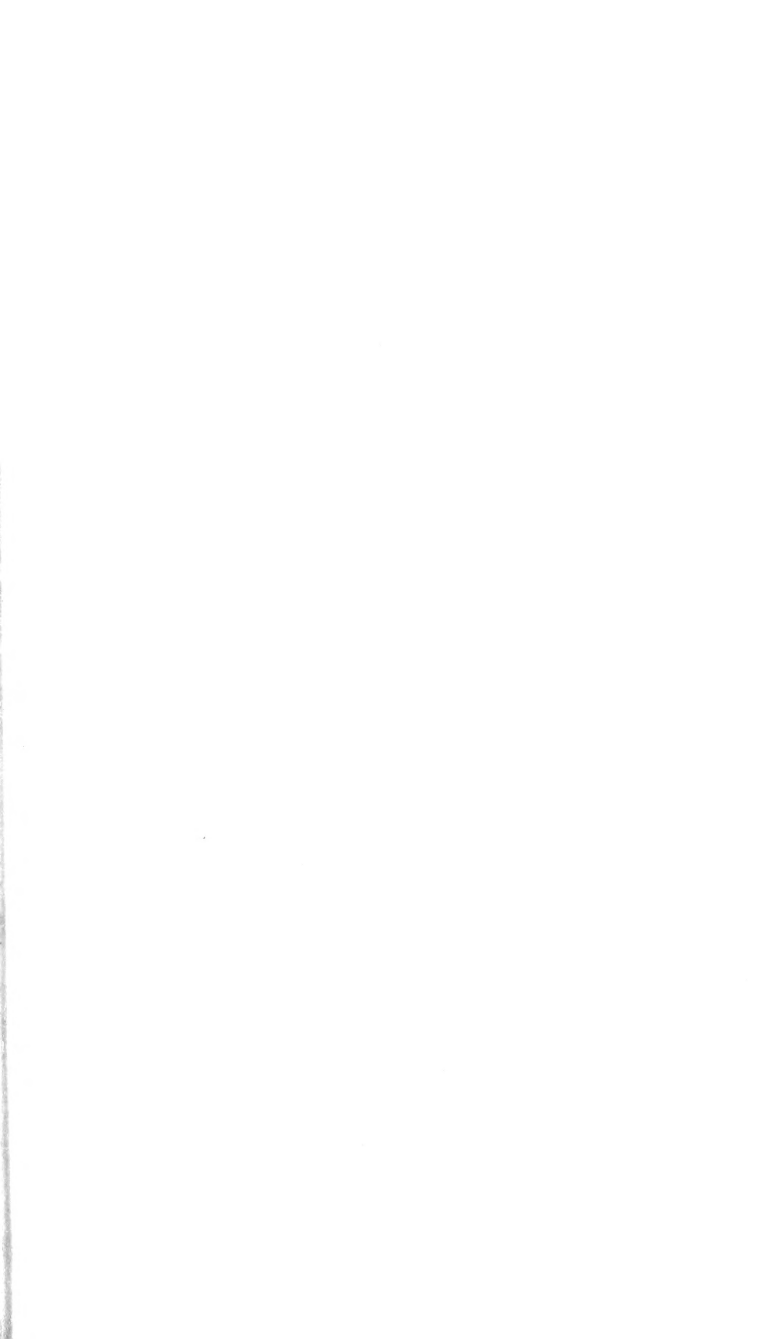
My life were a model of all that is good,
My power akin to all things,
My wisdom unveil what has ever withstood
The efforts of sages and kings;
The knowledge of books of the Universe, too,
Were mine with my place in the Sun,
If half of the things I am going to do
Were things that I really have done.

The depth of my character, crystalline, kind,
Conforming to Nature in spring,
Pervading the fog of the buffeted Blind,
The comfort of woman might bring;
But flesh is too frail to accomplish it's due,
Else I'd find, now my race has been run,
Some semblance of virtues my vagaries knew
Fulfilled, and my task is well done.

And this is the way of the World, so it seems,
Enduring for ages untold,
The dreamers are many, and many the dreams,
But few can conceive and uphold.
There's a place at the front, and they're wait-
ing for you,
The millions awaiting the one,
If the things that today you are going to do,
Tomorrow, are things you have done.

FOOTPRINTS—THAT'S ALL.

Lives of Great Bards all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Not a nickel, not a dime!





Barney Stinson
"C. J."



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